Remarks on Dr. *Sach*[illegible]

SERMON,

AT THE

Cathedral of St. *PAUL, November* the 5*th*,

Being Design'd

As a Seasonable Antidote against the Spreading Malignity of That Pestilent Discourse.

By *WILLIAM BISSET*, Eldest Brother of the Collegiate Church of St. *KATHERINE*.

IT cannot but be Matter of very sad and melancholy Reflection to all who sincerely seek, and pray for the Peace of *Jerusalem*, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable Life in all Godliness and Honesty, to observe the wild and unaccountable Efforts of restless Spirits, to divide and embroil us under the best and mildest of Governments: And I have often wonder'd whereto these Things will grow; there being great Numbers, who thro' weariness of Taxes, a Surfeit of Liberty, or a desire of Change, are like the *Israelites*, for returning into *Egypt*, and bringing upon their own and *Our Necks*, *that Yoke*, *which neither they*, *nor their Fathers*, *were able to bear*. I happened, not long since, into the Company of several Persons of considerable Figure, Strangers to me, who all glory'd in being *Jacobites*, and openly declar'd for the Title of the *Pretended Prince of Wales*. But what startled me most, was, a Sermon I happen'd to hear (for I knew not who was to preach) at the Cathedral Church, and before the Magistracy of this great City, on the 5*th* Instant; in which, as I told some that were near me, (tho' I was call'd Rogue and Devil for it) if the Preacher should obtain his End, and persuade Protestants that differ in some lesser Points, (in which Mankind will as soon be exactly of the same Stature and Complexion as of the same Judgment.) to hate one another as heartily as he would have them, we should quickly be altogether by the Ears, and the Pretender might make his Triumphant Entry as soon as he pleas'd, (for he flatly declar'd against all Resistance of Princes upon what Pretence soever.) I soon began to suspect what he would be at, when I found in his Thanksgiving before Sermon, (which was not short) not a Word of the two great Mercies of the Day; but he surpass'd afterwards mine, and I believe all the Hearers Expectations.

Such a ſpiteful piece of Impertinence was never heard ſince the Diſcovery of the Powder-Plot: For a Sermon on that Day to be wholly levell'd againſt Proteſtants (for the Papiſts had but a little, and that by the By) and his Deſign was plain from the Text, which was nothing to the purpoſe of the Day [*In Perils among falſe Brethren.*] For I think 'tis not uſual to call the Papiſts Brethren (tho' perhaps he would not much ſcruple to give them the Right Hand of Fellowſhip) who term and treat us as Heretick Dogs, and far worſe; for 'tis not enough with them to diſpatch us like Dogs, by hanging, or knocking us o'th' Head, unleſs they make Bonfires of us.

I'm verily perſuaded, the moſt bigotted Jeſuit in *France*, has, if not more Charity, at leaſt more Wit, than to rail at the *Hugonots* in ſuch Virulent and Unchriſtian Language. But having hung out, 8 Years ago, the *Bloody Flag*, he ſcorn'd (whatever the Queen and Parliament requir'd) to put out now the *Union Flag*; but I wonder how he durſt ſo boldly (tho' he boaſted indeed much of his Courage) hang out againſt all the *Flag of Defiance?* For having inveigh'd, for above an hour, againſt *Toleration*, *Comprehenſion*, *Moderation*, (and I wonder the Chime did not bring in *Abdication*) tho' he told us, (and 'twas the trueſt Word he ſaid) that he had tir'd our Patience, yet he held us above half an hour longer, (a piece of Phanaticiſm I ſhould never have thought he would have been guilty of;) but his main Spleen was againſt that [*Mungrel Union, — which has brought the Church into a Conventicle.*] The *Mungrel Union!* A Noble Metaphor! Scarce to be match'd in all *Flores Poetarum* or *Farmulæ Oratoriæ*, and well-becoming the Mouth of ſuch an Accompliſh'd Univerſity-Orator, and moſt admirably fitted to the Roman Style of Heretick Dogs! Sure he cannot miſs the Thanks of the Houſe (tho' he did of the Court before which he preach'd,) for ſuch a charming Complement to the United Nations. If he would have unfolded his Meaning, and ſpoke in Words at length, and not in Figures, this (or I have greatly loſt my aim) is a juſt Paraphraſe upon the Text, *viz.* That *Engliſh* Bull-Dogs and *Scotch* Blood Hounds, by a monſtruous and unnatural Mixture, will produce a degenerate ſpurious Breed of *Britiſh* Curs good for nothing, (will thoſe *mighty Hunters*, the Pope and his Setter, our Modern *Nimrod*, *Louis le Grand* ſay) but e'en to die on a Dunghil, or be knock'd o'th' Head. He was very poſitive upon the Point, that all *who diſſent from the Church, are Traytors to the State.* I find, if he were Lord Chief Juſtice, and could always get Sheriffs and Juries to his Mind, he would fill the whole Kingdom with more Heads and Quarters then *Jeffreys* did the *Weſt*. I thought it unfair for one of the Sacred Function to tell the Parliament on the 30th of *January, that there are many in the Neighbouring City that would act the ſame Tragedy over again.* If he were indeed privy to ſuch a Deſign, and ſpoke upon Knowledge, and not by gueſs, he ſhould have nam'd them, and not involv'd the Innocent in a general Calumny. For I ſee no more reaſon why *Cromwel*'s Tricking and Ambition ſhould be charg'd on all the Diſſenters, (many of whom vigorouſly oppos'd it,) than A. B. *Williams*'s raiſing Forces againſt the King in *Wales* on all of the Epiſcopal Perſwaſion. But to pronounce them all Traytors at a Clap, is a way of Lumping, fit only for a *Nero*, who wiſh'd all the *Romans* had but one Neck, or that more barbarous

Witch

Wretch, who lately *wish'd all Dissenters in one Burning Cauldron together.* But to proceed: *Is not the Church in Danger?* (Said the Dr.) *when —— her WORST Enemies are brought into her Bowels.* It seems the Papists are *Doves* and *Lambs* in Comparison.

Since from Geneve the Meagre Wolf appears,
And pricks up his Predestinating Ears.

As his Friend *Dryden* has it *Hind & Pan.*

I pray God it be not in Danger; but remember that the King's Person was Voted to be out of Danger, when it was resolv'd to Cut off his Head. A special Complement to both Houses of Parliament, who were so Dim-sighted, that with all their Eyes they could not discern the Threatning Mischiefs as well as the Doctor. To go on, He declar'd these *False Brethren for a small matter of gain*, (a Charge I never durst lay to the *Papists*) *would Fall down and Worship the Devil.* Nay, he assur'd us, that Toleration and Occasional Conformity had, or would make the Church not *only a Den of Theives, but a Legion of Devils*; and 'tis much for one Devil, and a very unruly Devil, that's altogether for Anarchy and Levelling, (as he made 'em,) to fall down and worship another. At last, having charg'd the *Magistrate to draw the Sword*, and (which is special Breeding in a private Fellow of a College,) *the Bishops to thunder out* (that was his word) *their Anathema's against them*, he assign'd them all *their Portion with the Devil and his Angels, with whom*, (said the Doctor, in his excess of Charity,) *I now leave them; for to that Company they belong.*

Was there ever such Language heard from the Pulpit? Sure he was so full of his Sermon, that he never heard our Saviour's reprimand to the *fiery Zealots* in the Gospel for the day, *Ye know not what manner of Spirit ye are of.* These (said he,) *some will call High-flown Principles.* What others may call them, I know not, but to me they seem as *Low-fetcht* as the *Bottomless-Pit*; and directing his Discourse to his Confidents, of whom I suppose there were not a few, (for I had like to have been Mobb'd amongst them) *they call us* (said he) *Papists and Jacobites*, (a Guilty Conscience needs no Accuser) but never so much as told us that they are call'd out of their Name. He came at last to the Bishops, as being (poor Man) *in Perils among false Fathers too*; and first had a Flirt at the Lord Bishop of *Sarum*, (but comparisons he said are Odious,) and then that *false Son of the Church Arch Bishop* Grindal. Some look upon me as Anti-Episcopal, because I am of Her Majesties mind, that all *British Protestants* who hold the same Fundamentals, *should keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace, and be like minded one towards another, lest Satan get an Advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his Devices.* Yet I solemnly protest, that I bear [a very great Reverence and unfeigned Duty] to my most Reverend *Metropolitan*, the *Arch Bishop* of *Canterbury*, as also to my Right Reverend Diocesan, the Bishop of *Peterborough*, whose Jurisdiction I never once oppos'd or deny'd.

But if any like this doughty Doctor be Enemies to the *Revolution*, and the *Reformation of Manners*, *disparage* the one, and *discourage* the other, I cannot, I must own, pay them real Reverence, yet I shall not proclaim them (like him) *false Sons of the Church*, i. e. *Bastards and not Sons.*

As to the *Revolution*, of which the Fifth of *November* is now a Standing Memorial, the Doctor would face us all down, (and you'l say he must have

a good Stock and Confidence to do it) that *His late Majesty* came over without the least imaginable thoughts of Resistance, and consequently brought with him 50 Ships of War, and 14000 Soldiers, only for the greater State and Ceremony, to make his Father-in-Law a Court Visit, and wish him Joy of a Son and Heir. *Credat Judæus Apella. Non Ego.*

After having thus cast *Firebrands, Arrows and Death,* (which I suppose gave rise to a Report which I heard from several, *That* St. Pauls *was on Fire a Saturday,*) I must needs say it griev'd me not a little, to see him ride in Triumph thro' the City, as being Conqueror, and *more than Conqueror* over Christian Charity, and even common Humanity; and much more was I griev'd to consider, that there should be found such a select Set of Citizens, as would bring such an Incendiary within the Bills of Mortality, as dangerous as a Lighted Faggot in an high Wind into the Tower.

But God be prais'd, those Wise Magistrates, the *Court of* ALDERMEN, had more Discretion than to desire him to Print, and set the Town and Kingdom in a Flame. If he should do it of his own Head, I doubt not, (for all his boasted Courage) many Passages will be left out, or put in a new Dress from what they were deliver'd in.

To conclude this needful Advertisement, (for I dare not, nor would he have me, *make my self partaker of other Mens Sins, hear Cursing and not beware it,* and profess my abhorrence of it,) with a short Reflection. What a Brazen-Fac't Banter is it, for such as explode, defie and condemn, not only all that Dissent amongst us, but almost all other Reform'd Churches, as the *Dutch, North British, Swiss,* &c. to pretend a Zeal against *Rome* and *France,* and for the Establisht Church, (unless they mean by a well known Quibble, that Establisht in Queen *Mary*'s Reign.) The *Rehearser* deals much more fairly, and speaks more consistently with his own and his Brethrens Principles; who proposes an Union with the *Gallican Papists*: For Unite we must with some or other, if ever we hope to stand our Ground. And does it stand to reason, that a Church or Kingdom, of 300 Miles extent, should be a Match by it self against all the vast Regions that submit to the Papal Usurpation? This is just such Ecclesiastical Policy as theirs is Civil, who would have us break with the *Dutch, Germans,* &c. because they are for their own ends, (*as if all Men did not seek their own*) and carry on the War against *France* and *Spain* by our selves; and he must be Blind, that cannot discern the manifest tendency of such a Project.

I cannot greatly doubt, but all who really love the Church, and do not use as the Factious *Jews* did their *Fasts for Strife and Contention,* will herein agree with me (at least as Matters now stand) when the closest Union of Protestants is (under God) our only Strength and Security against the United powers of *Antichrist* according to the wise Council of the Lord *Paget,* related by the Learned Bishop of *Sarum,* in his History of the Reformation to the Duke of *Somerset,* then *Protector, and the Lord High Admiral, his Brother,* (though they had not the Wit to take it.) *That they might most certainly conclude, that whoever went about (were there pretences never so specious) to raise and foment Animosities and Misunderstandings between them, had a design at the bottom,* (and he was too true a prophet, truer by far, then our *New Ones* have prov'd) *to destroy them both.*

Printed, and Sold by *B. Bragge* in Pater-Noster-Row, 170